

ENJOYING HIMSELF

A man who worked in a mill went out of his mind and was removed to the asylum. A fellow worker, on passing the asylum one day, saw Jimmy sitting in the grounds, smoking his pipe.

"Hello, Jimmy!" he called. "How are you getting on?"

"Oh, Ah'm getting on first-rate, thank you," answered Jim.

"Ah'm very glad to hear it, lad. You'll be coming back to work soon, eh?"

"What!" exclaimed Jimmy, in great surprise. "Leave a big house an' a garden like this an' come back to work? Do you think Ah'm off in my head?"

—o—o—
Professor—I tell you the phonograph is a great invention.
Pupil—Yes; it speaks for itself.

OH, YAAS, WAITAH,
KINDLY TOSS THIS BANANA
SKIN OUT OF THE
WINDUH.



SPOKE PLAINLY

A sharp-featured, determined little woman popped her head out of the door and indignantly demanded the business of a bashful young man who had been hanging around the house for hours in a pitiless downpour of rain, hoping against hope that his adored one would invite him in.

"Now, then, young feller, what do yer want here? Tryin' to wear the pavement out, or what?" she demanded, sarcartically.

"I reckon I've come a-courtin' your daughter," the shame-faced youth admitted.

"Oh, ye're after Lizzie, are yer? Then take my advice, young man, an' run away an' lose yerself. My gal ain't goin' to marry a chap that hasn't courage to knock at the door an' ax for her—not likely! Why, when her father came a-courtin' me an' found the door locked he climbed the backyard wall, strangled the bulldog and knocked the old man silly with a clump on the jaw. Then he grabbed hold of my hand an' shoved a ring as big as a cart-wheel on my finger, and told me that the banns were already up. That's the sort of husband I want for our Lizzie; not a shiverin' milksop that ain't got sense to come in out of the rain!"

—o—o—
He—Why do you say I'm the most obstinate person living?
She—This is the seventeenth time you've proposed to me. He—Yes; and what about your obstinacy, considering you've refused me every time?